WASHINGTON'S CHINATOWN

Sly Nooks Where Orientals Gossip and Smoke Opium.

AND WELL REGULATED ORDERLY

Lovers of the Drug Disturb No One and Injure Nobody but Themselves Quong Sang Lung and His Stock of Chinese Haberdashery -- There Is a Real Live Chinese Lady in Washington, and She Is the Mother of a Baby That Looks Like a Doll--Layout for Fan-tan and Dominoes--The "Wee Chah Club" Is a Beneficial Association and Is Well Supported by Celestials

BEACRED THE PLOWERY BEALMS.

On an upper bunk was a Chinese student,

who is also an oplum smoker, but in a lesser

degree. He is on a par with what is known

in dramshop pariance as a moderate diluker.

in dramshop pariance as a moderate dilaker.
The student utilized his alcohol lamp to aid
him in reading a recently-arrived Chinese
war bulletie. He read through a pair of goldrimmed eyeglasses, and the news contained
in the bulletin evidently did not suit him, for
his brow was clouded and his this lips
twitched nervously. Perhaps he was reading
about the Port Arthur massacre.
Before the reporter left the room he was
bosy hitting the pipe and probably thinking

busy hitting the pipe and probably thinking of his real home in far-away China, over

DOMINOUS A LA CRINESE.

which the fateful war cloud is now emitting its lightning flashes and thunder peaks.

ewhat the game of keno.

On the north side of the room were a noisy

On Tuesdays these two opium smoking-rooms

exploring party. Mrs. Moy Moy is a rather pretty little full-blooded Chianwoman. The childre, cute Chinese tots, are Annie, aged six years: Henry, four years, and Georgie,

ALMOND-EYED BARY

is the pet of Chinatown, and has so many

callers that his mother is kept busy nearly

all the time receiving them. He looks for all

the world like one of the rotund Chinese dol's

which are imported from Hong-Kong and sold at first-class toy emporiums. The baby set up a series of load squalls as the police-man and reporter entered the room, and his

dister Annie explained, in rather good Eng-

propering a recently-imported delicacy. It was a fluitened substance which resembled pressed coulish, and was cooked in large quantities by being immersed in a great caul-

Everything about the place was as spick and clean as a new pin, in striking contrast with some of the modern cookeries of the white needs

LIVING CHINESE DOLLS.

OPIUM ESTABLISHMENT

of Hing Lee is located at No. 323 Pennsyl-

vania avenue, on the north side. In the rear

"He a'raid big poleeceman."

The chubby-faced,

its many novel and iteresting features an upto-date Chinatown.

Cosmopolitan Washington includes among its many novel and iteresting features an upto-date Chinatown.

It is not a motiey, fil-assorted colony of Celestials like that in Mott street, New York, but an orderly and well-regulated community. Lawlessness and disorder are unknown quantities, and the policy therefore but serious for the purpose of arresting some pigtailed oftender.

Victims was pretty well under the influence, and watched his companion in a dazed sort of manner as he loaded the small hole in the business end of the pipe. Which looked for all the stem of the pipe, which looked for all the world like a silver-mounted flute, in his mouth, began puffing away like a locomotive going up grade. It was his third pipeful, and finally the smoker fell from his grasp, his eyes closed, and his chest rose and fell quickly—he had

cincts for the purpose of arresting some pigtailed offender. The brawls and drunken revelries, so fa-

illar to Bloodfield, or the discordant alcoholic war whoops which arouse the midnight echoes as well as the blear-eyed denizens of Hell's Bottom, are as foreign to Chinatown as Greenland's ley mountains are to India's coral strands.

In company with stalwart Policeman Newkirk, of the Sixth precinct, who is regarded by the average Washington Chinaman as his especial protector and friend, an artist and reporter of Ten Trees made an interesting and detailed sour of Chinatowa, D. C., last night. Away back from the noisone streets were witnessed scenes and surroundings which would cause one to conjure a sudden transformation from the broad, concreted thoroughfares of the National Capital to the picturesque habitations in the congested districts of Pekin or Hong Kong.

The most important streeture in Washington's Celestial colony was first visited. It is a handsome, three-story brick building on the goath side of Pennsylvania avenue northreporter of Tax Traces made an interesting

the south side of Pennsylvania avenue northet, netwoen Third and Four-and-a-half sees, and is numbered 314. Along the wer ledge of the front balcomy extends a subcord, which announces in the brightest

> QUONG SANG LUNG & CO., CHINESE IMPORTERS.

Above and below this tasty announcement are several swinging signs in black and gold, the inscriptions on which are a tumbled-up looking combination of Chinese hiero-glyphics. The large show-windows in front of the store were filled with numerous articles to tempt the pulace of CELESTIAL CONNOISSEERS,

ell as queer-looking padded gowns, in many pretty shades, from goose gray to robin red, which are as attractive to the Chincee dude as the latter-day bargain inter is to the gad about American bouse-

Entering the store and leaving the noisy clausing the store and maxing the noisy clausing of the cable car goings to the sourry-lag pedestrians, the reporter found a scene which was highly suggestive of that witnessed in the crossroads grocery stores in the South after rightfall. Stated about on boxes, queer looking bales and a long banch, were a half score of Chinamen, the majority of these foregreeness at their tobacce, rices and them turging away at their tobacco pipes and freecoing the close atmosphere with many unique designs in blue and gray smoke. Some of the loungers were the familiar padded sack with flowing sleeves, while others



A LITTLE WAR GOSSIP,

were attired in the intest styles of American rendy made suits. They suddenly stopped their chattering as the party entered, and recognising Policeman Newkirk greeted him with a chorus of friendly 'ki-b-o-b-yah's,' or en expression with a monotone centre piece which sounded very much like it. Its meaning however, was plainly one of welcome, for they all grinned like Chesire cats and

or they all grinnes like Chesice cats and ome extended their hands for a shake. Mr. Quong Sang Lung, one of the pro-rietors, a business looking individual with a thort but growing crop of whiskors on his siller for war is the ambig's box of wire unliow face, was in the cashier's box of wire netting, summing up the proceeds of the days' sales with the beads on his wooden calculator. He smiled a welcome to the policeman and He smiled a welcome to the policeman and resumed his mechanical mathematics while the oriental gossip club on the boxes and bales commenced to chatter away like a flock

A slender Chinaman in American clothes, who was born in Chicago, and who Mr. Newkirk called his "William street boy," explained in fairly good English that the gossipers were

It was to the effect that Moy Wing, a gay laundryman, had been caught making love to

a bright-eyed mulatto girl and there was every prospect of an early wedding in China-

"Gle black and see the bloys," suggested Quong, the proprietor, and acting upon the suggestion Policeman Newkirk led the way through the rear storeroom to an open and dimly-lighted court. On its south side was a tortneus, creaky flight of stairs which brought the party to two large rooms on the second floor of the rear building. As the door was reached the surrounding atmosphere was found to be impregnated with a peculiar and almost sickening odor.

"Optum smoke," remarked the patrolman, and the bluish fumes of the drug could be

the bluish fames of the drug could be owing through the crevices of the doand mingling with a variety of other which filled the court. A tap on the from the officer's night stick, and it was

opened by a frowsy-headed, sleepy-looking Chinaman, who muttered "clome in." Inside was a scene never to be forgotten. The cost side of the two large spartments were lined with wide, comfortable-appearing bunis. These were intended as boths in the palace car to paradise, and some of them were already filled with dreamy-looking passengers, who were busy "hitting the pipe," which they say is a sure passport to the flowery realms.

The rooms were filled with clouds of primaler and is a which to be and to which

on their way out, a pale-faced woman of the town was at the counter purchasing some gum opium. She paid \$1.20 for about one ounce of the drog, which was placed in a small glass salve box. The Chinese stores sell large quantities of opium to white men and women. Some of these have their own smoking outfits at home, while others make pills of the stuff and take it internally. But few white smokers are admitted to the smoking-rooms in the rear of the stores, the patrons being nearly all Mongolians.

The grocery and inden emoke, which rolled and tumbled about in the draught like cumulus clouds in

on the first lower bunk nearest the door was a veteran opium amoker, a man about forty-five years of age, which is considered cid for the habit, and a younger Chinaman. They were lying in circular fashion with their shiny heads nearly together, while in the center of this human ring was an opium outlit. An absolut lamp, inclosed in a glass case, burned brightly while the older of the Chinaman busied himself with a steel rod in cooking another dose of the drug, which hubbled and sputtered like a devil's broth and emitted a sichly ofor as he held it over the flame of the lamp. The younger of the

The reporter next visited Hip Cheong Long & Co., the importers, at Nc. 103 Four-and-a-half street, northwest, in Chinatown proper. On the west side of Four-and-a-half street, extending from Missouri avenue to the midway alley, is a row of shadowy-looking two-story brick tenements, three of which are filled from cellar to attic with Chinamen Here can be found business and pleasure combined and mixed in an intricate mare. Lottery in the basement, grocories and confections on the second floor, opium smoking and games of fan-tan and dominoes in the rear, cook shop, bank, and correspondence bureau, all under one roof, with a room set aside for the under one roof, with a room set aside for the drinking of rice wine and other Chinese beverages. Lodgers are also accommodated, especially when they are in that

DREAMY, FAR-AWAY STATE

produced by the use of oplum. In this place the reporter found an intelligent young Chinaman who is bookkeeper for the firm. He can talk very good English. Seated about in a rear room were a number of Celestial gossipers. The bookkeeper had just been telling them the particulars of an assault committed by two young negroes on a fellow laundryman at Second and F streets northwest. The colored youths entered the Chinaman's place armed, one with a club and the other with a large hutcher while and the other with a large butcher knife. While the fellow with the club struck the laundryman over the head, the other stabbed at him with the knife. The Chinaman grasped the sharp blade in his hand and received a savern cit.

ceived a severe cut.

The bookkeeper told the reporter that the average Chinaman was much afraid of the

average Chinaman was much afraid of the colored folks.

"Why!" he said, "we hear in their own country they cut up each other and cook them in pots for dinner, and here in Washington they go around with razors in their peckets and knives in their boots."

peckets and knives in their boots."

He added that he would be airsid to let a black-faced barber shave him, as he would be airsid the barber might piay hari-kari with him and slice off his head.

In all the gossips or sitting-rooms visited last night the reporter found quietness and good order. Each crowd of Chicase chatterers had its quaint little teapot, which formed the central figure in the group and contributed its tiny clouds of fragrant steam to the bux of conversation.

the burz of conversation.

Before leaving the settlement the reporter visited the "Wee-Chan Club," composed of laundrymen, which was in session at Quong Sang Lung splace. The members were reclining on bunks, hitting the pipe, while Moy Sang, a dapper little Celestial, president of the organization, was making a speech full of monotones and resource.

On the north side of the room were a noisy quartette of Chinamen seated about a round table playing a peculiar game of dominoes and smoking tobacco pipes. The dominoes were played with their faces downward, and cach time a player won the others set up a hearty "yi-yi" of laughter. In the rear room, besides the smolers' bunks, was a fan-tan garabling outfit which was not, however, in operation, and the paraphernalia connected with a Chinose lottery scheme, which is played with cards and a whoel and resembles somewhat the game of keno. dight Chinamen.

Just as the reporter was leaving Chinatown
the great tells on St. Aloysins' spire were
sounding the midnight hour, and the Avenue



COURTING OPIUM DREAMS. men, well dressed and ragged, reeled from building to curb. Some were combative and wanted to engare in street brawls. Others filled the critwhife quiet night air with oaths, coarse jests, and Raccha-nalian song while back toward the Chinese quarters, the haunts of the opium smokers, As Policeman Newkirk and the reporter

Mrs. May Moy wore a picturesque-looking pair of trouserettes, spoke good English and seamed to be especially proud of her little Mays, who wared aliess as the party de-seeded to the kitchen to see the Chinese chef good sight, to interrupt a noisy gathering of dranks, he observed: "Opium smoking may be a deplorable habit, but as compared with whisky drinking dron half filled with boiling oil.

A group of Chinamen stood about the range, inhaling the fragrant oder and watching the delt chef as he removed the brown and blistered pieces from the caudron and deposited them in a large basket. it does not produce such seenes of disorder and crime as we see nightly in this city."

Needed, n New Law.

We read that a bleyclist was romping merrily along when he met a fire engine on the warpath. Somebody, of course, had to get on one side, but as a bicyclist isn't to be out-

on one side, but as a beyellst isn't to be out-bicycled and the illiterate fire engine did not get out of the way in time, it was run into and there was a pretty tough collision.

One of the horses was badly hurt, a couple of firemen were thrown into the gutter, and the very disobliging engine overturned, but the hero of bicycling fame fortunately es-caped unburt, while his machine was slightly scratched. One of these days a reckless bicyclist will go careehing along a railway line, and if he should by cruel fate run into

line, and if he should by cruel fate run into an express train full of excursionists the carnage will be fearful.

A law should be passed compelling fire engines and locomotives to keep out of the way of the "wheel."—Truth.

Selling the News. The same evening after the council, Sidney Herbert dined tete-a-tete with Mrs. Norton and before the dinner was over she had wormed out of him the decision of the cabinet. (Peel's cabinet had resolved to repeal the corn laws.) After dinner she asked him to remain while she went to see a sick friend for a short time and in half an hour she re-turned. In the meanwhile she had taken a

cab and driven down to the Times office. There she saw Barnes, the editor. She gave him chapter and verse and returned to poor Sidney Herbert with £500 in her pocket. The next day the announcement was made in the Times that the cabinet had met and resolved on the repeal of the corn laws. This was on the 5th day of December, 1845.—Sir William Gregory, an Autobiography of Lady Gregory.

Expected. Clubber-Did you hear about Jones?

Homer-No. Clubber-Went to the masquerade ball as the devil. Told his wife he was going to the

Homer-I see. Clubber-Well, the boys took him home in costume and a cab at 3 a. m., rang the bell

costume and a cao at a h. h., rang que ben and left him.

Homer—That was tough.
Clubber—It was. His wife came down, took one look, and said: "Oh, it's you, is it? Well, Jones hasn't got home yet, but you can come in and wait for him."—Judge.

The Process Described Raggsy-How do you suppose they make limburger cheese? Swipesy—They make it 'bont like they do any other kind, and then they put it away an' let it die.—Chicago Tribune,

by Tuck (Beang & Co. at No. 342 Pennsylvania arome. The reporder was greated at the door by Tuck inseed. He is a learned-looking fellow and wore a black and red scull cap. Tuck had just completed a preparation for an emaciated inandryma who has been on the retired list for some time. owing to a severe polimonary complaint. The name were lined with packages containing queen the botanic echool of medicine and the shelves in Tuck: a pharmaney were lined with packages containing queen completed with a stock of prevered fruit, nuts, pickles, condiments, groceries, clothing, and novelties. In fact, it might be called a Chinese "Yanke nobloss store." On the lower shelves were also a greeing from beds of flint, peables.

When asked it there was a Chinese physican in question is an attache of the experience of the exper

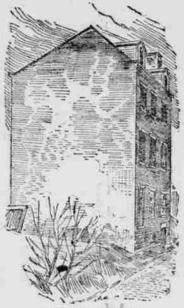
Washington, lives a hermit, bowed with years and ripe with worldly experience. The name of this recluse is John Reilly, and his age, three score and ten.

terday by a Times reporter, with the assistance of Policeman Coffin, of the Fourth precinct. Reilly's babitation is in the basement or cellar of the old Walter Leanox manor, on the south side of Maryland avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets somhwest, within a stone's throw of the

Washington entrance to Long Bridge.

The ancient structure, beneath which Reilly has burrowed like a rat, was the home of wealth and splendor before Washington became a city. Its are is estimated at about 115 years, and venerable neighbors say every brick in the structure was brought from England in sailing vessels when Alexandria and Georgetown were important ports.

Originally the building was an aristocratic farmhouse or manor, where many distinguished Americans were entertained in



THE HAUNTED MASSION.

days long gone by. No less a personage than G-n, Washington himself has partaken of its hospitality when the Lennox massion overlooked many broad acres of waving green, which stretched along the shores of the glatening Potomas od the territory which now comprises the bastling and lasy river front, with its wharves and floets of "white wings" and puffing steamers.

REDCOATS SPARED THE MANSION. When the British soldiery invaded Washiugion and burned the Capitol in 1814 they spared this old structure, perhaps because of its aristogratic associations and in remem-brance of the booted and spurred gentry who gathered there in the days of "Anid Lang Syne" and discussed the politics of the day over many a butle of rare vintage wine or rowy-hised decanter of old rys.

At any rate the manor was saved, and here

At any rate the manor was saved, and have
it is in the year 1895 occupied only by an
aged hermit, owned by the Richmond and
Danville Baitrond corporation, and doomed
to early destruction to make room for railway
improvements.

The historical edifice is four stories
and a gabled attic high. It stands above like
a crim phantom of time and its age-scarred

a grim phantom of time, and its age-scarred

a grim phantom of time, and its age-scarred face bears a distressed look as it views the march of modern improvements stretching away to the northwest.

On its eastern side, high from the ground, is a reminder of old-time prosperity-straggling vines of dead ivy clinging to the wall like fate—white away up in the caves the north winds sing weird requiems to those who enjoyed the pleasures in its stately, high-cellinged rooms and halls, or its woes in the hour of illness and death.

After the burning of the Capitol in 1814 After the burning of the Capitol in 1814

many of the mantels and other marble orn ments found in the rains were purchased from the government and used in the Lennox mansion, and there they are to-day. BERMIT REILLY IS A DOCTOR.

As the Times man approached the manor last evening in the biting north wind, which swept down over the river like a shrill volce from the North Po e, he abserved on the front wall, over the basement entrance, a small, wooden sign board. It was inscribed in weather-beaten letters

CORNS AND WARTS CURED

The front of the structure was desolatelooking and scaled tightly, like the entrance to a morgue. A series of loud raps on the dilapidated door finally attracted the atten-tion of Hermit Beilly, and be came to the aperture, and after a deal of unlocking, unaperture, and after a deal of unlocking, un-bolting and unbarring, the door swung slowly open, accompanied by a chorus of fal-setto creaks, which sounded much like the volces of disturbed spirits coming from the inky darkness of the strange interior. Reilly's head peered out and in a cheery tone he bid the callers enter the basement, which was as dark and chilly as the reputed "Black Hole of Calcutta."

which was as dark and chilly as the reputed "Black Hole of Calcutta."

"Go back in the rear, gentlemen, and you will find a fire and some light," he said.

After stumbling through the darkness and musty atmosphere of the froit collar and a series of intricate passages, entirely devoid of light, the reporter headed for a small rit of daylight which loomed up in the distance like an oasis in the desert. The light came through a rear door and admitted what little illumination the hermit had in his gloomy home during the daytime, the gloominess of night being relieved by the dim rays of a small smoke-covered kerdsene lamp.

After the visitor's eyes had become accustomed to the semi-darkness he took a survey of the hermit's abode and filled his pipe to relieve the damp odors of the confined to relieve the damp odors of the confl.

DECORATED BY DECADES. The apartment was a sub-cellar or basement room, the walls being obscured by the ac-

cumulation of a century's cobwebs and dust.

cumulation of a century's cobwebs and dust. In the center of the room Reilly had constructed for himself out of rude boards what he called a bed, but what appeared to the reporter as a catafalque in the rough.

Scattered about were cooking utensils, an ax, saw and buck, and other articles, including a pile of rough oak legs, which Reilly said were brought to him by an old colored man. On the west side of the apartment was a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, with a crackling log fire. It was fitted out with spit, crane, and hangers for cooking purposes.

Before the fire was a rough bench, upon which he bade his guests be seated while he related his remarkable history. This included his war story, to which the old man was wedded. To him his experience during the stirring war times was his wife and associate in his lonely vigils in the old sub-cellar, with only rats and mice to relieve the solitude. He had pondered over every incident and occurrence so often until they had become so fresh in his memory as though the booming of cannon and the steady tramp of

Beneath the ancient and crumbling walls of the quaint old Leanox mansion, in South Washington, lives a hermit, bowed with years and ripe with worldly experience. The name of this recluse is John Reilly, and his age, three score and ten.

The discovery of the hermit was made yesterday by a Times reporter, with the assistance of Policeman Coffin, of the Fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the Fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the heavement of the fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the heavement of the fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the heavement of the fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the heavement of the fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the heavement of the fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the fourth presence of Policeman Coffin, of the fourth presence of the fourth presen

"I am over seventy years of age," he said,
"and never took a drink of whisky, a chow
of tobacco, or smoked a pipe, and I am as spry to-day as many men of forty." BEILLY WAS ONCE IN POWER.

During the early years of the war Mr. Reilly was known as "Gen. Grant's floating commissary," and during the past year or

commissary," and during the past year or two he has gained the appellation here of the "Congressional chiropodist."

"That sign board of mine on the front door," he said, "means something more than idle words. Since my stay in Washington I have removed and cured the corns of the wives of more than twenty Representatives in Congress and Senators. Since boyhood I followed the muddy Mississippi as a boatman until I was knocked out by old age. Yes, I am wedded to my war story, because it associates me with some of the grandest figures in American inistory."

At the commencement of the war Reilly was commissioned by Gen. Fremont at St.

Hundreds of dozens or collars and cuffs, yet to be "done up," hogge bundles of intention to be suringled, by live moving and the surface of intentions of the property of the past property of the property of

was commissioned by Gen. Fremont at St.
Louis to organize a corps of river marines,
which he did. They were enlisted for service
during the entire war, and Capt. Reilly was
piaced in command of them and the fast
steamer John D. Perry. On this craft he
carried millions of dollars worth of supplies
to Gan. Grant's army and denot at Calvo.

Reilly is an Irishman, and is proud of it. His brogue has grown richer through age and a smile broke over his wan features as he said in reply to the reporter's question:

"Yes, the boys and some grown folks hereabouts believe this old building is hanned. I rather encourage the belief because it prevents the hoys from stoning my fortress or coming too near to annow me. Whenever I go to the door they stand off at a respectable distance and apparently regard me with superstitious veneration."

In the neighborhood the reporter found that the lads and lassies stood in mortal fear of the hermit, who they believe is an associate

of the hermit, who they believe is an associate



of shadowy spooks and flitting ghosts that inhabit the dilapidated manor during the ght hours.
boys in the neighborhood have composed a song, which they sing to the aged re-

cluse, but their melody is always rendered at long range. It goes something like this:

"Old Mister Reilly, They speak of him highly; But he goes about shyly With rats, bats, and ghosts,"

He Was a Sound Sleeper. Some men are born unlucky. There was a guest at the Delavan House who slept all through the fire and never waked till his usual time in the morning. He was in the north end which was not destroyed, and, naving been accustomed to sleep near a rail-oad, the noise did not disturb him. It might road, the noise did not disturb him. It might be held by some thoughtless persons that this man was particularly lucky, both in having such a healthy faculty of sleeping regardless of his surroundings, and in being in a part of the hotel which was not burned. But John Smith contends that he was unlucky. There is no unusual experience, entertainment, or excitement in sleep. There is in a big fire, especially a hotel fire. This man missed an opportunity of seeing one of the best fires of the year, though he was right in the building. What is the good luck of his escape compared with such ill luck as that?

Buffalo Express.

At the Doctor's Door. Mrs. Foy-Arrah! worra! worra! Docthur, will yer luk at the babby an' tell me is she harted altogither or killed intoirely? Or'd a pair av silk han'kerchifs to do for a gintleman as is very particular, an' me back not turned to her one blissid minnit, when she was out on the foire-escape afther me, an' t'rough the hole, an' fill onto th' awnin' av th' impidint Dutch grocery below (bad cess t' him, obsthructin' th' sidewark an' foightin' me Patsy iviry toime he's a dhrop the worse for liquor) an' into the arrums av an entoire sthranger.

"Praise be t' th' blissid saints, docthur, that

ye say she isn't hurted at all, at all! An' me a-runnin' wid her iviry inch av th' way an' her a-shiapin' as alsy as if she was in God's pocket, which Ol t'ought moight be owin' t' th' drep av whisky an' paregorie Ol gave her for her tayth."—Judge. Their Occupations. "An' Paw, wot do legislators do?"

"Legislators, my boy, legislate for the "An' wot do Congressmen do?" "Congressmen — well — u'm — Congressmen —er—congregate."—Puck.

out the verdant lawn in this, one of our sacredly "best localities," he posed adroitly in a way to catch the attention of the passer-by a two-legged sign dressed in brilliant scarlet trousers with white lottering up attention.

either leg.

Above the door a large aggressive eard of hove the door a large aggressive and of the same hue now this with an auroral blush the cheeks of one of our chief justices over the way when he comes to his window to look out at the weather.

It was fun to note the astonishment and

It was fun to note the astonishment and disgust expressed in the manner of passing property-holders as they beheld for the first time this invasion of trade into their fashionable vicinity; also the Oriental indifference with which the pig-tailed proprietor fluttored in and out, keeping house with the air of a man who knew his rights "aline sames."

An Army officer decompling his atom for a

An Army officer, descending his steps for a morning stroil, paused, with a "can-such-things-be?" aspect, and—perhaps it was a reflection from the white letters over the door—we could see war in his eye. Every passer halted, astounded.

"Now the folks round here can see whar to six their cloves, done "called one pages."

American society girl of her dudish companion.

The troublesome tenant leans in the doorway to rest occasionally, and dreamily games
through the moving critics, past glares and
stares and "airs," seeing visions of next
week's aristocratic trade.

Hundreds of dozens or collars and cuffs,
yet to be "done up," huge bundles of linen
to be sprinkled—his lips pucker in anticiontion—"Mellean" dollars, then China. Who
can blame him? Isn't China "home?"

The little gray house is jubilant. All its
doors, now and again, admit the fresh crisp
air. All its shutters are flung wide to let in
sunlight. Inside at last are life and, oh,

But when the fish are sate in the allocare it is in this manner the darky cook prepares them and "cails" it a la Mobile:

Pare the fillets from a fish, suppress the skin and out them into half heart shaped pieces; make one incision on the sit is and fill this with forcement prepared as follows: Fry colorless in butter some shallots, muchrocoms, which a new rearrant way, add to it a toward purper. chives, and parsiey; add to it a tomato puree, season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and mix in some strong sauce. Lay the fish on a buttered dish and serve "piping hot."

TUBBLEY TRAPPING. Red spapper fishing is not the only Florida sport which the smart set who go down from the North turn into a social affair. Turkey shooting and trapping is an excitement looked forward to with eagerness by the novice and the "old timer," and a number of stiff wings strung on the walls of some New York belle's Florida home will explain her proficiency in this art.

Turkey bunting is done at night. A camping party is arranged, servants sent abend to make the canvas homes as comfort-able as possible, and a large cooking store and utensits goes with the chef. As a usual thing four tents are fitted up, we for sleeping, one for dining and lounging combined. and lastive a kitchen. The days are spent in the indelent lastion that is induced by the cool, pine-scented atmosphere, but in alght all is excitement. Every woman then gets into leggins of leather, corduroy knickerbock-ers, and caps, the men carrying the rifles. As all old turkey hunters know, the magic in bunting these birds depends upon the

whistling.

This whistle is made from a joint of the turkey, and when blown rightly imitates the time. call of one turkey to another. It requires a degree of art to use it that calls forth plaudits

degree of art to use it that calls forth plaudits when the novice accomplishes thetask.

So, using these call whistles, the party creeps noiselessly through the spongy pine needle carpet, talking in whispers, carefully avoiding latter logs, to where the night birds stalk. Under cover of trees or prostrate be-hind logs the hunters listen anxiously for the footfall perceptible only to the trained ear, accompanied by the soft cluck of the approaching bird.
The women who have learned to use the

bone whistle keep up a plaintive cry with it until the turkey is fairly in the uet. Many of the girls use the rifle in shooting as dexter-ously as the men.

A number of young women who have been

assiduously developing their muscles this summer and fall are now eagerly talking about the approaching trip to the land of oranges, with turkey-stalking as the chief pleasure. These bunters of the softer sex are compiling a record on their collection of the softer sex are compiling a record on their collection of wings, and not a few are secretly practicing the "magic whistle" in the privacy of ther A less masculine mode of enjoyment dur-

ing the Southern sojourn is orange packing. Mrs. Claughlin, one of Pittsburg's leaders, has an annual house party about holiday time, as do hostesses who go from New York, carrying the luxuries of their city homes, while they prefer to imagine themselves camping in a measure.

So, las winter, after seeing how fascinating Mr. Willard could make a fashionable

ing Mr. Willard could make a fashionable haying party in his presentation of "The Professor's Love Story." these wealthy women decided to entertain their guests in a like primitive fashion. They went about preparing their attire in a fastidious manner. The fit of their calico gown, which they purchased at a village store, was perfect; their sun bonnets were white, lined with a color and stiffened with pasteboard "alata" after the manner of the native workers. Thus arranged, these fashionables started in for their assumed work in the orange groves. They

ranged, these fashionables started in for their assumed work in the crange groves. They plunged their hands in huge tubs, washing the oranges and rubbing them: when dry with chamois to give polish.

Nor did they retinquish their work each day until dozens of pine boxes, with the fruit nearly wrapped in tissue paper, were ready to express, many of them going as Christmas gifts from the land of sun to the land of snow.

Many women who are entering the present season in Florida are fashioning more artis-tic cowns than last year's calleo creations One young woman is designing her gown a in Dolly Varden. Her skirt will be yellow, with light blue paniers combined with a fig-

A PHYSICIAN CURED BY DR. WALKER.

Things come suddenly! For a long while the little gray house, with a hopeiess, foriors expression, had huddled close to its prosperous neighbors and yearningly, yawningly waited for a tenant.

It had sighed at its own unbroken neutrality of tint, when a glorious yellow flag floated from the doorway of its red-brick brother on the left and marveled why chance never sent such gorgeous decorations its way.

But, as I remarked before, "things come suddenly!"

One morning not long ago it woke from empty dreaming to active occupancy. Tenants illed it with life and laundry. A Chinaman glorying in the boustful title of See Wah (and he will probably "raise it," too), with all the brica-brac of a "washee-washee" establishment, moved in.

To Dr. D. A. Lane, an employe of the war and navy division of the Pension Office, and pro-residence is at 1225 Lindon street hortheast, says:

"For the past four years I have suffered more or less intenset, year my suffering has been continuous. Frequently at much the distress has been so great that it compelled me to sit propped up in bed in order to get along a deport of the work between the medical property relief. I like many others, read of the work Dr. Walker was doing, and thought I would consult him. Dr. Walker commanded my confidence and respect at once by the clear, concise, and professional manner in which he outlined my case, It was after Dr. Walker had precedited for me that my enthusiasm was greatest. case. It was after Dr. Walker had prescrited for me that my enthusiasm was greatest. From his treatment I obt-lined immediate relief, and that night, for the lirst time in weeks, I was able to lie down and get my natural aloep. What makes my joy more genuine is the fact that I have not had the slightest indication or return of my trouble. I am a medical graduate of Howard University in good standing, and I fool a cebt of gratitude to Dr. Wa ker that words cannot express. I, therefore, tender him this testimonial masolicited and of my own free will and accord, trusting that it may be the means of conv ying to humanity the high esteem in which I hold Dr. Walker. (Signed)

"D. A. Lang, M. D."

The phenomenal skill of Dr. Walker, the specialist, in curing chronic cases of long standing that have befiled other physicians is becoming more apparent daily. The large mumber of testimonials from persons ne has cured that have been published for months past in the daily papers are evidence that cannot be doubted, especially as they are from well-known citizens, and many of themsworn to before a notary public. New statements are constantly appearing. J. M. Stran pro-

well-known citizens, and many of themsworn to before a notary public. New statements are constantly appearing. J. M. Ryan, proprietor of the Tourists Billiard Parlor, 453 Missourf avenue avenue, and who resides at 1128 Twenty-second street; Mr. R. L. Rhino, who resides at 440 First street northeast, who has been employed in the passenger depet of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the past three years; Mr. W. L. Kearney, who resides at 1519 Teath street northwest, and who is employed as a plate printer in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing; Mr. L. C. Smallwood, who has been employed for the past two years as engineer in the gan shop at the navy yard, and who resides at 1741 G street southeast; Mr. Joseph A. Shoemaker, an employe in the War and Navy Division of the Pession Office, and who resides at 303 K street northeast; Mr. Harry E, Koch, a well-known merchant doing business at the corner of Third and Pennsylvania avenue aventes and what we resides. Louis to organize a corpe of river marines, which he did. They were enlisted for service during the entire war, and Capt. Reilly was placed in command of them and the fast steamer John D. Ferry. On this craft he steamer John D. Ferry. On this craft he steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada and the steamer John D. Ferry. On the Canada

treatment.

Dr. Walker may be consulted free of charge, personally or by latter, at his well-known sanitarium, 1411 Pennsylvania avenue, adjoining Williard's Hotel. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday ovenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12 m. Charges for treatment very low.

consent of patients. ured bedice and mull neckerchief. The head-

of the more pictures que leghorn, in deforence to the sun-ged, and, altegether, the young leader teels confident that she will set the pace for costumes in the new social fad in Florida. ----

He Stond All Tests

Manifold essays, treatises and poems have been written, with more or less success, to describe the qualities which make up a just man, a religious man and a sympathetic man, Moralists and philosophers have managed to give a pretty fair definetion of these terms; but fell short of the reality when they came to limn a good man. Where Plato and Sensea and Beethius failed a vestryman of Entersea, named Turnor, has triumphantly succeeded, as the following dialogue proves. An officer, alout whose conduct some consulors officer, about whose conduct some questions prose, was asked: Did you not swear at the child who opened

"Not when you knock your head against a door? usked Mr. Turner.
"No," answered the officer.
"Then, you must be a good man," said Mr.

the door to you."
"No," was the reply, "I never swear at any

The guardians, feeling that it would be waiste of time to improve upon this philoso-phy, shortly afterward adjourned.—London Telegraph.

Even Tramps Are Not On To It. "Lady," said Breeny Bries, "we were on our way, like the migratory leetle birds, to a cospitable winter resort, when with an un-

paralleled generosity you regale us with this pie." Then he finished the second piece and burst into convilsive sobs. "But good heavens, lady, this is grape pis with seeds in, and I have twice been threatened with appendicitle," and he wiped his eyes with his whis "Poor man" said the old lady, giving him

a silver dollar. "I never thought of that."
Around the corner of the orchard he frescoed the head of the white dog following a his heels by smashing the ple over his head, and sent him back looking as if he had out his

throat with a wire fence.
"Sudden inspiration," said Breezy, "is better than slow wisdom, and a utmble dollar is better than a steady job in a phosphate fac-

tory."-Judge. Discussion Closed. Mr. Lushforth was in a mellow and kindly

"What," he asked of his patient wife, "is the difference between me and a fish?" He was going to say that he never cared to wander from his own freside and the fish had no fireside to wander from, but she answered the question by saying: "I don't know, unless it is that a fish breathes water," and that closed the discussion.

By the way," said the editor to the new an, "we don't credit statements to a wellknown citizen on this paper. You must give

his name."
"The trouble is," explained the new man, "that he is so well known that the statement would be discredited if his name were given," —Indianapolis Journal.

A Dangerous Woman "What did the phrenologist say when he

examined your bumps?"

"He said that my wife had a very well-developed muscle,"-Judge,